

Hie to the Fair, Two-a-penny, Come if you dare.



To the Tune of *Under the Bed was hid.*

YOU Cuckolds appear,
That Live far and near,
Behold you are summon'd this Day,
With Pick ax and Spade,
Pray be not dismay'd,
Come cleanse and make level the
Way.

Come dig, Cuckold, come dig.

Since your Wives thought no Scorn,
Your Heads to adorn
With Horns, that are of a large Size,
Without Fear or Dread,
Put them on your Head,
And do not the Honour despise. *Come dig, &c.*

Thou a Dirty old,
As thou hast sold,
And thou shalt be proud of the same.
Is a Wife thyself a Friend,
And to Heaven you send,
Can that honest Wife be to blame? *Come dig, &c.*

In London fair Town,
There's Men of Renown,
In this Order are dubb'd forked Knights,
Of sundry Trades,
By their Wives Comrades,
Then each Man enjoy his his Night. *Come dig, &c.*

With Shovel and Spade,
Come to the Parade,
And show your selves like gallant Men,
Pray hie to the Fair,
In numbers repair,
Lock Roger, Ralph, Thomas and Ben: *Come dig, &c.*

In Country and Town,
This Trade ne'er will down,
For Cuckolds there enough will be,
Of all sorts of Men,
Not one amongst Ten,
Tho unwilling, such Christians must be. *Come dig.*

Then never repine,
Eat well and drink Wine,
And get your Horns tipped with bright Gold.
Ne'er grumble at this,
If your Wives please to kiss,
You shall live as the Cuckolds.

If your Wife is but fair,
You need not despair,
Some Cuckolds are wealthy and rich,
If your Wife play the Jilt,
And you get the Gilt,
If you rave, you are worse than bewitch'd. *Come.*

You have Brothers good Store,
Ten Thousands and more,
And therefore you are not alone,
But a Cuckolds that's poor,
Is a Son of a whore
And a Fool if he thrash not her Ponies. *Come dig, &c.*

Both Goldsmiths and Hatters,
And also Tide-waters
Woodmonger, and all sorts of Trades,
As jolly Shoo-makers,
With Millory Baters,
Have certainly Cuckolds been made. *Come dig.*

All sorts of brist Dames
Will Play at the Game,
So much as the counterfeit Saint,
Tho she turns up her Eyes,
And seems to prece,
She dearly loves Flesh Meat in Lent. *Come dig.*

Besides the Calves-head,
She often is fed,
By the Man that appears in a Cloak,
This can be no Sin,
To let a saint in,
Then Husbands pray be not provok'd, *Come, &c.*

Then Cuckolds make haste,
The time it doth wast,
At Cuckolds-Point: you must appear,
Make way for your Dames,
Who counts it no shame,
To graft you with Horns all the Year. *Come, &c.*

Then you of all Ranks,
To Love give great Thanks,
And likewise to your tender wives,
Since Cullies do still,
Bring Gifts to the Mill,
That Cuckolds may lead merry Lives.
Come Cuckolds, come dig.